

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T♣cha - T♣cha"

[krs-one]

Easssssssssy mahn!

It's impossible to take out boogie down productions
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]

Me bus' upon the scene around 1986
A few hit records got me started real quick
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker
All vegeterian, never eat pork or
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical
On every playlist, waxin that anus
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal
Point every time you subtract an emcee
People look at me, a p-o-e-t
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?
Well, my evaluation is sudden
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible
You could try your best
But frankly I don't think it's logical
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, bid-di-by-by
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade
So everything you're hearing, krs has made
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say
So dj krs has come to show dem the way
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr
Well then you know that krs don't carrrrr
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr, biddi-by-by
And then you know that krs don't carrrrr
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear
Big derriere to make the next man stare
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home
No one out can compete
And not another dj rocks this type of beat
Come mi say

Chorus

[krs-one]

Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

Chorus

